

11630. e. 2
5

THE
WORLD AS IT GOES:
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE
C H A R A C T E R S

OF
NATIONS, JUDGES, POETS,
STATES, COUNSELLORS, PLAYERS,
PRINCES, SENATORS, PIMPS, AND
PEERS, GAMBLERS, PARASITES:

WITH AN EXQUISITE
GROUP OF LADIES,
HIGHLY FINISHED.

SELECTED FROM THE MOST DISTINGUISHED
E N G L I S H P O E T S,
FROM
CHAUCER TO CHURCHILL;
AND ALL THE
C H A R A C T E R S A P P L I E D.

'Tis application makes the Afs. GAY.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN FIELDING, N^o 23, Pater-Noster-Row.

M D C C L X X X I.

[Price TWO SHILLINGS and SIX-PENCE.]



P R E F A C E.

*W*HEN the idea of publishing a pamphlet of this kind first struck the compiler, he considered that, exclusive of its holding forth to the public view a picture of modern times, manners and characters, it would comprize many of the essential beauties of our best English Poets, and be worthy of preservation on that account, if it had nothing else to recommend it.

How far he has succeeded in the application of particular passages to particular characters, must be left to the decision of the reader; but he can truly assert, that he has not knowingly applied a single passage to any character, which had been used in preceding compilations of a similar cast. If he has painted virtue in her fairest form, and held up vice to the public contempt and derision, he has obtained the object of his wishes.

Virtue never appears more amiable than when seated on the throne of beauty; and there are, as the Poet observes, many characters which,

*Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Are touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.*

If any of these characters can be shamed into the practice of virtue, one great end of this publication will be obtained. At any rate, the pamphlet will be considered as amusing, by those who read for amusement only.

In

P R E F A C E.

In this little piece there are some characters so very flagitious, that not to attempt to expose them, might have been considered as a tacit approbation of them; and there are others so perfectly exemplary, that not to have held them up as the brightest patterns, would have argued an indifference in the cause of virtue. At the same time we must acknowledge a third sort of the humdrum kind; who have little of vice or of virtue to drag them forth to the public view, and who are only distinguished by their peculiarities, as an ass is known by the length of his ears; and who would not therefore have been dignified with a place in this collection, but that their rank in life had given them precedence in other places. If we have endeavoured to raise an harmless laugh at their expence, we have done them more credit than they had a right to expect. If we have offended we care not.—“Let the gall’d jade go wince; our withers are unwrung.”

London, April 14, 1781.

In a few Days will be Published, Price One Shilling and Six-pence,

N A T H A N;
A PHILOSOPHICAL DRAMA.

Written in German by the Celebrated Mr. Lessing, Librarian to His Most Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, and translated into English

By R. E. RASPE.

Printed for J. Fielding, N^o 23, Pater-Noster-Row: Of whom may be had just Published, Price Two Shillings,

L E T T E R S F R O M P E R D I T A
T O A
J E W;
W I T H T H E
I S R A E L I T E ' S A N S W E R S.

CHARACTERS APPLIED.

KING AND QUEEN.

GO with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosp'rous be
And honour'd in their issue. **SHAKESPEARE.**

THE K—

'Tis the office,
'Tis the first duty of the magistrate,
To guard the people's welfare, and secure,
As far as human wisdom can secure
Their future peace. **C. JOHNSON.**

THE Q—

She sat like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief. **SHAKESP.**

To be good is to be happy ; angels
Are happier than men, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings : The bless'd know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness. **ROWE.**

B

P—

P R E F A C E.

In this little piece there are some characters so very flagitious, that not to attempt to expose them, might have been considered as a tacit approbation of them; and there are others so perfectly exemplary, that not to have held them up as the brightest patterns, would have argued an indifference in the cause of virtue. At the same time we must acknowledge a third sort of the humdrum kind; who have little of vice or of virtue to drag them forth to the public view, and who are only distinguished by their peculiarities, as an ass is known by the length of his ears; and who would not therefore have been dignified with a place in this collection, but that their rank in life had given them precedence in other places. If we have endeavoured to raise an harmless laugh at their expence, we have done them more credit than they had a right to expect. If we have offended we care not.—“Let the gall'd jade go wince; our withers are unwrung.”

London, April 14, 1781.

In a few Days will be Published, Price One Shilling and Six-pence,

N A T H A N;
A PHILOSOPHICAL DRAMA.

Written in German by the Celebrated Mr. Lessing, Librarian to His Most Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, and translated into English

By R. E. RASPE.

Printed for J. Fielding, N^o 23, Pater-Noster-Row: Of whom may be had just Published, Price Two Shillings,

L E T T E R S F R O M P E R D I T A
T O A
J E W;
W I T H T H E
I S R A E L I T E ' S A N S W E R S.

CHARACTERS APPLIED.

KING AND QUEEN.

GO with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosp'rous be
And honour'd in their issue. **SHAKESPEARE.**

THE K—

'Tis the office,
'Tis the first duty of the magistrate,
To guard the people's welfare, and secure,
As far as human wisdom can secure
Their future peace.

C. JOHNSON.

THE Q—

She sat like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief.

SHAKESP.

To be good is to be happy ; angels
Are happier than men, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings : The bless'd know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness. **ROWE.**

B

P—

P— OF W—
 To say the truth, reason and love keep little company together
 now-a-days. SHAKESP.

THE DAUPHIN AND PERDITA.

Good-morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is past,
 Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? Ibid.

LORD WILLIAM GORDON.

To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by us shall blessed be;
 And the issue, there create,
 Ever shall be fortunate. Ibid.

BRITAIN.

Britain; the queen of isles, our fair possession,
 Secur'd by nature, laughs at foreign force;
 Her ships her bulwark, and the sea her dike;
 Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world. HAVARD.

THE AMERICANS.

I grant, an antient ram replies,
 We bear no terror in our eyes;
 Yet think us not of soul so tame,
 Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
 Insensible of every ill,
 Because we want thy tusks to kill;
 Know, those who violence pursue,
 Give to themselves the vengeance due;
 For in these massacres they find,
 The two chief plagues that waste mankind.

Our

Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war ;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented,

GAY.

THREE MEMBERS OF THE INTERIOR CAB-T.

The folly of this island ! They say there's but five upon this isle ;
where are three of them : If the other two be brained like us, the
state totters.

SHAKESP.

THE COCKPIT.

Masters, here are your parts ; and I am to intreat you, request
you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow-night.

Ibid.

BOREAS AND TWITCHER.

Too much already has that toy, ambition,
The child of vanity and ignorance,
Deluded and betray'd us both to folly.

C. JOHNSON.

KEPPEL.

Hey my hearts ; cheerly my hearts ; yare, yare ; take in the top-
fail ; tend to the master's whistle.

SHAKESP.

PALLISER.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-forrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can.

Ibid.

MAJO.

MAJORITY IN THE H---- OF C-----S.

For all the rest,
They'll take suggestions as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business, that
We say befits the hour.

SHAKESP.

THE ENGLISH NATION.

Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish
painted, not a holiday fool, but would give me a piece of silver.
There would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there
makes a man ; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Ibid.

LORD W—YM—H.

Tell not me ; when the butt is out we'll drink water, not a drop
before. Ibid.

MR. R—GBY.

My man monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack : for my part,
the sea cannot drown me. Ibid.

MR. SHERIDAN.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Ibid.

BAR--N D--MSD--LE.

I do remember an apothecary,
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples : meagre were his looks ;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

SHAKESP.

MR. POYN—Z.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Thessalian bulls ;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Ibid.

SIR G—Y C—P---R.

I am your spaniel ; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.

Ibid.

D— OF GR—F—N.

Who would give a bird the lie, tho' he cry *cuckow* never so ?

Ibid.

SIR T. FR—D.

An oath is a recognizance to heaven,
Binding us over in the courts above
To plead to the indictment of our crimes,
That those who 'scape this world should suffer there. SOUTHERN.

LORD CH——R.

Worth makes the MAN, and want of it the FELLOW;
The rest is all but leather and prunella. POPE.

LORD N——TH.

Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard;
there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet. SHAKESP.

Having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear. Ibid.

All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure:—Be't to fly;
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds. Ibid.

There be, that can rule Naples
As well as he that *sleeps*; Lords that can prate,
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzala. Ibid.

DUTCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. MILTON..

LORD G—— G—RD—N.

His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all
disorder'd. SHAKESP.

True wit to madness nearly is allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide. DRYDEN.

LADY

LADY C—RKE.

What jealous Oberon? Fairies skip hence,
I have forsworn his bed and company.

SHAKESP.

SAWBRIDGE.

What care these roarers for the name of king?

Ibid.

I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the senate.

ADDISON.

WED——NE.

I have great comfort of this fellow; methinks, he hath no drown-
ing mark upon him; his face is perfect gallows. Stand fast good
fate to his hanging.

SHAKESP.

I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land
This fellow could not drown.

Ibid.

Ambition! nothing is too hard for thee!
Rul'd by the influence of thy fatal charms,
Man fears no law, nor human, nor divine.

TRACY.

L——D M——SF——D.

Appearances deceive,
And this one maxim is a standing rule,
Men are not what they seem.

HAVARD.

L——D SAND——H.

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature
What most we ought to fear; the head-strong beast
Rushes along, impatient of the course;
Nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein.

ROWE.

From

From his youth upwards to the present day,
 When vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
 When riotous excess with wasteful hand
 Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
 Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
 Untainted with one deed of real worth,
 Lothario, holding honour at no price,
 Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
 Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
 With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.

Where (reason left without the least defence)
 Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense,
 Where impudence made decency submit,
 Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit,
 Where rude untemper'd licence had the merit
 Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit,
 Where the best things were ever held the worst,
 Lothario was, with justice, always first.

To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
 To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
 To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
 To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
 To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
 To be the gaping chairman's oracle,
 Whilst, in most blessed union rogue and whore
 Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out, encore :
 Whilst grey authority, who slumbers there
 In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair,
 With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
 To walk with torches thro' the streets at noon,

To

To force plain nature from her usual way,
 Each night a vigil, and a blank each day,
 To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
 To make one leg run races with his brother,
 'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
 — to ride first, and he to ride behind,
 To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
 Lothario, on that stock which nature gives,
 Without a rival stands, tho' — yet lives.

When folly (at that name, in duty bound,
 Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
 Whilst they, who in the presence upright stand,
 Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
 Queen every where, but most a queen in courts,
 Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports,
 Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
 And prove her right to reign from age to age;
 Lothario, great above the common size,
 With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
 Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
 And every day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
 Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
 Vice, bold, substantial vice, puts in her claim,
 And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
 Observe his follies well, and you will swear
 Folly had been his first, his only care;
 Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,
 And swear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the soft nature of some easy maid,
 Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd,
 Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
 And he who wrought her guilt, declare her shame?
 Is some brave friend, who, men but little known,
 Deems every heart as honest as his own,
 And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
 To be ensnar'd, and ruin'd with a smile?
 Is law to be perverted from her course?
 Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
 Is freedom to be crush'd, and every son,
 Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?
 Is base corruption, creeping through the land,
 To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
 With regular approaches, sure tho' slow,
 Or must she perish by a single blow?
 Are kings (who trust to servants, and depend
 In servants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend)
 To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
 In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
 Is God's most holy name to be prophan'd,
 His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
 His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
 His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd?
 Are debauchees in morals to preside?
 Is faith to take an atheist for her guide?
 Is science by a blockhead to be led?
 Are states to totter on a drunkard's head?
 To answer all these purposes, and more,
 More black than ever villian plann'd before,

Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.

Is this nobility, which sprung from kings,
Was meant to swell the power from whence it springs?
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
Were there but two (search all the world around)
Were there but two such nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord; but nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to debase,
Made only one, and having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind to make no more.
Nor stopp'd she there, but like a generous friend,
The ills which error caus'd she strove to mend,
And, having brought Lothario forth to view,
To save her credit, brought forth — too.

CHURCHILL.

KING OF SPAIN.

Power is a curse when in a tyrant's hands,
But in a *bigot* tyrant's—treble curse.

MILLER.

D—— OF R——D.

Do not these veins contain
The same rich blood that circles in the king's,
Though but a bastard scion of his stem?

SIR GEORGE SAVILE.

Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man.

THOMSON.

LADY

LADY SPENCER.

A lavish planet reign'd when she was born,
And made her of such kindred mould to heaven,
She seems more heavens than ours.

DRYDEN.

Virtue alone has that to give,
For which 'tis worth our while to live :
For if we live, our life is peace,
And if we die our joys increase.

ANON.

LORD AND LADY DUNCANNON.

Young Celadon,
And his Amelia were a matchless pair,
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace ;
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
Her's, the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his, the radiance of the risen day.

THOMSON.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning ;
Crown all her days with joys, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts.

OTWAY.

Fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain,
With innocence and meditation join'd.

THOMSON.

MRS. HAYLEY.

The soul that feels for others woe,
From heaven its origin doth shew.

ANON.

MAR-

MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.

A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit regularly free.

THOMSON.

THE METHODIST PREACHERS.

Ill befall
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples.

ROWE.

ENGLAND.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
A happy land, where circulating power
Flows through each member of th' embodied state,
Sure not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with every virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye.

GOLDSMITH.

E

LORD

LORD CORNWALLIS.

War, my Lord,
Is of eternal use to humankind ;
For ever and anon, when you have pass'd
A few dull years in peace and propagation,
The world is overstock'd with fools, and wants
A pestilence at least, if not a hero.

JEFFREYS.

When violence and rapine sound to arms,
Bankrupts and prodigals are warm for war.

CIBBER.

Rash fruitless war, from wanton glory wag'd,
Is only splendid murder.

THOMSON.

MR. BURKE.

When he speaks, the air,
A charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

SHAKESP.

I'll lie and listen here as reverently
As to an angel. If I breathe too loud,
Tell me, for I would be as still as night.

BEAUMONT.

LORD DEERH—T.

All dark and comfortless!
Where are those various objects that but now
Employ'd my busy eyes?—Where are those eyes?
Dead are their piercing rays, that lately shot
O'er flowery vales to distant sunny hills,
And drew, with joy, the vast horizon in.

TATE.

SIR

SIR BULL-FACE DOUBLE-FEE.

I oft have heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large profession that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That with most quick agility could turn,
And return, make knots and undo them,
Give fork'd council, take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up.

B. JONSON.

Law that shocks equity, is reason's murder.

HILL.

LORD HAWKE.

Birth is a shadow. Courage, self-sustained,
Outlords succession's phlegm, and needs *no* ancestors.
I am *above descent*; and prize no blood.

Ibid.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

To do whate'er heaven gives in sacred charge,
Nor dare to found its fathomless decrees,
This, and this only's meritorious zeal.

MILLER.

MR. LAURENS.

Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it doth cry out itself
Enough, enough, and die.

SHAKESP.

THE

THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF KING'S PLACE.

Thou! I want a name
By which to stile thee! All articulate sounds,
That do express the mischief of vile woman,
That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
To speak thee to the height!

BEAUMONT.

The fox,
Hyena, crocodile, and all beasts of craft,
Have been distill'd to make one woman!

RANDOLF.

Lo have I seen in larder dark,
Of veal a lucid loin,
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
(As wise philosophers remark)
At once both stink and shine.

POPE.

DOCTOR ADELPHI.

Will seat himself on a *celestial bed*,
And prey on garbage.

SHAKESP.

L— L—T OF IRELAND.

What is a butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
The gaudy fop's his picture just.

ANON.

GENERAL ARNOLD.

Falshood and fraud grow up in every soil,
The product of all climes.

ADDISON.

MRS.

Mrs. MACAULY.

O woman ! That some one of you would take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper, which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments,
Your matchless virtues to posterity.

BEAUMONT.

GENERAL B—RG—E.

Forgive me, pardon my mistaken zeal,
That left my country, cross'd the stormy seas,
To war with honour.
Now that my passions give me leave to think,
The hand of heaven appears in what I suffer'd.

THOMSON.

SIR G. B. RODNEY.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

SHAKESP.

For blessings ever wait on glorious deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONG.

HON. C. J. FOX.

Exalted souls
Have passions in proportion violent,
Resistless, and tormenting : they're a tax
Impos'd by nature on pre-eminence,
And fortitude, and wisdom must support them.

LILLO.

F

LADY

LADY ALMERIA CARPENTER.

No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,
Tho' the fair child of nature newly born,
Can be so lovely.

OTWAY.

The bloom of opening flowers, unfullied beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.

ROWE.

What tender force, what dignity divine,
What virtue consecrating every feature;
Around that neck what dross are gold and pearl!

YOUNG.

The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness:
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else.
What eyes are there! rather what little heavens!
To stir mens contemplations! What a paradise
Runs through each part she has! Good blood be temperate:
I must look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it.

BUCKINGHAM.

ALDERMAN WOOLDRIDGE.

Tell me why, good heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather, why
Didst not thou form me fordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?

OTWAY.

COURT.

The court's a golden, but a fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts, a thousand devils,
In chrystal forms, sit tempting innocence,
And beckon early virtue from its centre.

LEE.

I have no business there;
I have not slavish temperance enough
T' attend a fav'rite's heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favour.

OTWAY.

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment,
Too heavy for the sunshine of a court.

DRYDEN.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

There like a statue thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts :
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping croud,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff, or royal-nonsense.

Ibid.

Than courts, ye gods, be any place my doom,
Or any dungeon but a drawing-room!

WHITEHEAD.

LADY ———

Thy very looks are lies, eternal falsehood
Smiles in thy lips, and flatters in thy eyes.

SMITH.

Obey me, features, for one supple moment :
You shall not long be tortured.

THOMSON.

LORD

LORD NORTH.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones. SHAKESP.

To you, great gods, I make my last appeal ;
Or clear my virtues, or my crime reveal.
If wand'ring in the maze of fate I run,
And backward tread the paths I sought to shun ;
Impute my errors to your own decree,
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free. DRYDEN.

GERMAIN, L. G. SACKVILLE.

A nameless terror stirs my soul,
And spreads severe disquiet through my bosom.
Why should I fear ? The man of guilt alone
Should feel disorder.—'Tis but nature's frailty ;
Th' unbidden trembling of the various heart,
Where hopes and fears arise, and pass by turns. MALLET.

What means this boding terror that usurps,
In spite o' me, dominion o'er my heart,
Converting the sweet flower of new-blown hope
To deadly *night-shade* ! pois'ning to my soul
The fountain of its bliss. MILLER.

LORD CARLISLE'S IRISH-COURT.

All his gaudy courtiers basking round him,
Like poisonous vermin in a dog-day sun. YOUNG.

Of all court-service learn the common lot,
To-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot. DRYDEN.

DUT-

DUTCHESS OF K——ST—N.

Short is the course of every lawless pleasure,
Grief like a shade on all its footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height :
But downwards as its blaze declining spreads,
The dwarfish shadow to a giant grows.

MILTON.

THE STATES OF HOLLAND.

Oh ! is there not
A time, a righteous time, reserv'd in fate ;
When these oppressors of mankind shall feel
The miseries they give ; and blindly fight
For their own fetters too ?

THOMSON.

MR. ERSKINE.

For your words, they rob the hybla bees,
And make them honeyless.

SHAKESP.

Every word he speaks a Syren's note
To drown a careless hearer.

BEAUMONT.

When he spoke, what tender words he us'd !
So softly, that like flakes of feather'd snow.
They melted as they fell.

DRYDEN.

KING OF DENMARK.

Fortune takes care that fools should still be seen ;
She places them aloft, o' th' topmost spoke
Of all her wheel. Fools are the daily work
Of nature, her vocation.

Ibid.

Mrs.

MRS. ROBINSON.

The stain of violation is upon thee,
The ruddy spot fresh ardent on thy face :
Thy cheeks are burning with the adulterer's mark ;
His print is on thy lips ; thy melted eyes
Yet glow with languish'd lustre.

LEE.

Oh you have done an act,
That blots the face and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there ; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers oaths.

SHAKESP.

Thou art as honest
As summer flies are in the shambles
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and look'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.

Ibid.

Yet this was she, ye Gods, the very she,
Who in my arms lay melting all the night,
Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,
As if her soul flew upward to her lips,
To meet mine there, and parted at the passage,
Who, loth to find the breaking day, look'd out,
And shrunk into my bosom, there to make
A little longer darkness.

Ibid.

Love ne'er should die ;
'Tis the soul's cordial : 'Tis the fount of life ;
Therefore should spring *eternal* in the breast.
One object lost, *another* should succeed ;
And all our life be love.

BARBAROSSA.

MAJOR

MAJOR ANDRE.

He was a man
That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,
And prized that jewel more than mines of wealth :
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once ;
Tho' kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himself. OTWAY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God. POPE.

THE AUTHOR OF THELYPHTHORA.

Love of my duty, nation, and religion,
Inspir'd me with the rash, accursed zeal,
To perpetrate an act more black, more horrid,
Than e'er the sun cast eye on, than e'er tears
Can cleanse from its foul stain, than e'er sweet mercy
Can intercede for, or than hell can punish. MILLER.

THE MINISTRY.

Friendship is still accompanied with virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous minds ;
But 'tis a stranger to such breasts as ours.
True, we can join in factions and cabals,
And form conspiracies ; but still the bond
Which holds our mercenary souls together,
Is our own interest. TRAPP.

GOVERNOR . . .

Infernal guilt!

How dost thou rise in every hideous shape,
Of rage and doubt, suspicion and despair,
To rend my soul! more wretched far than they
Made wretched by my crimes!

BROWNE.

PRINCE OF WALES, AND BISHOP OF OSNABURGH.

Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each others joys as griefs partaking,
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

OTWAY.

THE ASSOCIATED PETITIONERS.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure:
Ours has severest virtue for its basis;
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

ADDISON.

MR. WILKES.

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me.
I have a soul that like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more;
Fate was not mine, nor am I fate's;
Souls know no conquerors.

DRYDEN.

GENE.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

When difficulties threat, the hero's mind
Swells in proportion to the menac'd danger;
Fears and distrust like phantoms fly before him,
And vast ambition takes up all his soul.

FROWDE.

REV. WILLIAM ROMAINE.

Foul hypocrisy's so much the mode
There is no knowing hearts from words or looks
Thieves, bawds, and panders wear the *holy leer*.

SHIRLEY.

DR. JOHNSON.

Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his *pension*, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

POPE.

LORD CAMDEN.

I bow in adoration to the gods;
I venerate their servants. But there is,
There is a power, their chief, their darling care,
The guardian of mankind, which to betray
Were violating all—and that is JUSTICE.

THOMSON.

LORD HOWE.

Against the head which innocence secures
Inferious malice aims her darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the powerful breath of heaven.

JOHNSON.

H

LADY

LADY CRAVEN.

“ Odious! In woollen! 'T would a faint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 “ No let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
 “ Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
 “ One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
 “ And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.” POPE.

COUNSELLOR CH—TW—D.

One that was not long since was the buckram scribe,
 That would run on men's errands for an asper;
 And from such baseness having raised a stock
 To bribe the covetous judge, called to the bar;
 So poor in practice too, that he would plead
 A needy client's cause for a starv'd hen,
 Or half a loin of veal, tho' fly-blown:
 And these the greatest fees, you could arrive at
 For just proceedings. BEAUMONT.

LADY HA—GT—N.

Let ignominy brand thy hated name;
 Let modest matrons at the mention start;
 And blushing virgins when they read our annals,
 Ship o'er the guilty page that holds thy legend,
 And blots the noble work. SHAKESP.

THE

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

Let truth and virtue be their earliest teachers.
Keep from their ear the syren voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot form of vice,
Who spread, in every court, their filken snares,
And charm but to betray.

MALLET.

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY.

See! what a grace is seated on his brow!
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye, like Mars, to threaten, or command;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a MAN.

SHAKESP.

LORD NUGENT.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out
As sober Lanesborough dancing in the gout.

POPE.

THE NOTORIUS POPE*.

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

Ibid.

* See SIR ALEXANDER LEITH'S trial.

THE MINORITY.

We only who with innocence unshaken
Have stood the assaults of fortune, now are happy :
For tho' the worst of men by high permission,
A while may flourish, and the best endure
The sharpest trials of exploring misery,
Yet let mankind from these examples learn,
That powerful villainy at last shall mourn,
And injur'd virtue triumph in its turn.

TRAPP. }

HON. MISS GUNNING.

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes!
Or, whether riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are fever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar!
Such sunder! Such sweet friends! Here in her hair
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes!
How could he see to do 'em? Having made one
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinished.

SHAKESP.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

Much ado about nothing!
The *Tragedy* of Errors!

SIR

SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.

POPE.

IAGO; THE BULLY PRIEST.

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the flight, self-pleasing thread anew :
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again.

Ibid.

COLONEL BARRE.

In his looks appears
A wild distracted fierceness :
Some dreadful purpose in his face.
Sometimes his anger breaks thro' all disguises,
And spares nor gods nor men.—

DENHAM.

Mark but how terrible his *eyes* appear!
And yet there's something roughly noble there,
Which in unfashion'd nature looks divine,
And like a gem, does in a quarry shine.

DRYDEN.

ALDERMAN PL—MER.

Base grovelling souls ne'er knew true honour's worth,
But weigh it out in *mercenary* scales.

Ibid.

D—— OF GR—F——N.

O, she misus'd me past the indurance of a block; on oak, with
but one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her. SHAKESP.

LADY G——R.

My form, alas, alas! has long forgot to please:
The sense of beauty and delight is changed;
No roses bloom upon my fading cheeks,
No laughing graces wanton in my eyes:
But haggard grief, lean-looking, fallow care,
And pining discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.

ROWE.

MRS. B—LKL—Y.

Behold, unchang'd, my visage bears the shock
Of accusation, with so foul a crime
As infamy can hardly go beyond!
Does this express my guilt or innocence?
Where is the fault'ring tongue? The crimson glow,
And livid paleness in alternate rule?
Where is the down-cast eye? Unsteady look?
And all appearances of conscious shame?

SHIRLEY.

MR. M—CKL—N.

Which is the villian? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

SHAKESP.

ALDER-

ALDERMAN H—RL—Y.

Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest end of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prestor John's* foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard; do you any ambassage to the Pigmies.

SHAKESP.

DIRECTORS OF THE EAST-INDIA COMPANY.

The tempter saw his time, the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions rose on every side,
Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower, of cent. per cent.
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs *director*, and secures his soul.

POPE.

JUSTICE WILMOT.

Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness; I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an householder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in *Messina*, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him?—Bring him away; O that I had been writ down an ass!

SHAKESP.

EARL

EARL PERCY.

Were honour to be scann'd by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest, and recount
Among my fathers, names of antient story,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdu'd
The world by arms and virtue:
But that be their own praise:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead.

Rowe.

Mrs. B—DD—LY.

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as in the bud ere it be blown,
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

SHAKESP.

Mr. ———

Why he is the prince's jester; a very dull fool, only his gift is in
devising impossible flanders: none but libertines delight in him,
and the commendation is not in his wit, but in villainy; for he
both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him,
and beat him.

Ibid.

COLONEL M——S.

That talking knave
Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,
And sows sedition up and down the city;
Picking up discontented fools, belying
The senators and government; destroying
Faith among honest men, and praising knaves.

OTWAY.

LORD

LORD AMHERST.

These war-wearied limbs
Wish for repose; to lay their feeble strength
Beneath the peaceful shade.

—There is an old man's warfare;
To talk of freezing nights, and burning days,
And animate our youth to deeds of martial honour,
Be now my sole ambition.

FRANCIS.

THE RECORDER OF LONDON.

The quality of mercy is not stain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to power and majesty:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESP.

MISS F—N.

Oh! preserve thy virtue!
And since he doth disdain thee for his bride,
Scorn thou to be his whore.

LEE.

K

THE

THE RIOTERS.

The captain of the rabble issued out
 With a black shirtless train; each was an host;
 A million strong of vermin, every villain:
 No part of government, but lords of anarchy;
 Chaos of power, and *privileged* destruction;
 But laws of nature! Yet the great must use them,
 Sometimes as necessary tools of tumult. DRYDEN.

THE MACARONIES OF THE AGE.

I know them, yea,
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
 That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
 Go antickly, and shew an outward hideousness,
 And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst. SHAKESP.

LORD SHEFFIELD.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
 On such a full sea are we now afloat,
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures. Ibid.

Mrs.

Mrs. M——

She only wants an opportunity :
Her foul's a whore already.

DRYDEN.

I believe her honest yet :
Her body not acquainted with the sin ;
But if her thoughts run foul, her mind's a whore,
And the next opportunity compleats
My black dishonour.

SOUTHERN.

Mr. LINLEY.

Play on
That strain again ; it had a dying fall :
Oh! it came o'er my ear like a sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours.

SHAKESP.

Miss LINLEY.

What ear so fortify'd and barr'd
Against the tuneful force of vocal charms,
But would with transport to such sweet affailments
Surrender its attention? Never yet
Have I past by the night-bird's custom'd spray,
What time she pours her wild and artless song,
Without attentive pause and silent rapture;
How could I then, with savage disregard,
Hear voices tun'd by nature sweet as her's,
Grac'd with all art's addition?

MASON.

Mr.

MR. COURTNEY.

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong.

POPE.

MONS. VESTRIS.

Whose soul no dawn of sentiment reveals,
And all whose merit centers in his heels.

KELLY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE PANTHEON.

Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools;
Beyond the letter of the law,
That keeps our men and maids in awe;
The better sort should set before 'em,
A grace, a manner, a decorum.

PRIOR.

SIR JOHN JEHU.

Ay, that's a dolt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his
horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good
parts, tha the can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady, his
mother, played false with a smith.

SHAKESP.

EARL OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.

Ibid.

LORD

LORD DUNCANNON.

All the lamps
Of nuptial love are lighted, and burn pure,
As if they drew their brightness from thy blushes.
Thy envious rivals, conscious of thy right,
Approve superior charms, and join to praise thee. HILL.

DOCTOR G—H—M.

Have not I
Known him a *common* rogue, come fiddling in
To the *Ostera* * with a tumbling whore,
And when he had done all his forc'd tricks, been glad
Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with fleas in't.
—————All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle :
I know 'em to a dram. B. JONSON.

LADY S—H B—Y.

I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A load unty'd, a lilly trod upon !
A fragrant flower crop'd by another hand,
My colour fully'd, and my odour chang'd ! BEAUMONT.

* Some commentators read *Adelphia*. This very extraordinary genius has been already hinted at under the title of DOCTOR ADELPHI: See page 20.

DOCTOR PRIESTLY.

Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes and idle speculations.

THOMSON.

MR. T. T——NS——D.

Like a player,
Bellowing his passion, till he break the string,
And his rack'd voice jar to the audience.

SHAKESP.

EARL BATH——T.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore,
Read much, and look'd as if he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,
His resolution flag,
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the house,
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags! give place;
Full bottoms come instead:
Good Lord! to see the various ways
Of dressing a CALF'S HEAD!

SHENSTONE.

FRENCH

FRENCH KING.

What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.

GAY.

MR. BANNISTER.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speech and look big, and pry on every side;
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion. Ghastly looks
Are at my service too, like unforced smiles:
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.

SHAKESP.

THE JUNTO.

How like conspirators, at their first meeting,
With caution we gaze silent on each other,
Expecting who shall start the business first.

TATE.

Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design.

ADDISON.

QUI CAPIT, ILLE FACIT.

Whereat the gentleman began to stare,
My friends, he cried, p—x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a single vote.

POPE.

LORD

LORD ADVOCATE OF SC—TL—D.

Why, what a wasp tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own? SHAKESP.

MR. E——N.

O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horse, or a railing wife:
Worse than a smoaky house. I'd rather live
With cheefe and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me. Ibid.

MR. SYK—S.

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race. GAY.

CAPTAIN O'K—LLY.

Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed
to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would
truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you
have earned them. You a captain! you slave! for what? For
tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy house? He a captain! hang
him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dry'd cates.
A captain! these villains will make the word *captain* as odious as
the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word, before it was
ill-forted. SHAKESP.

THE TRADING CONSTABLES.

Think not that treachery can be just,
Take not informers words on trust.
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray. GAY.

LORD NORTH—PTON.

A traveller! by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I fear
you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have
seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes, and poor
hands. SHAKESP.

JUSTICE AD—GT—N.

God help me, there are but two of us, and one is an ass. Ibid.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

And beads, and pray'r books are the toys of age. POPE.

EARL SPENCER.

He's generous, grateful, affable and brave,
But then he knows no limit to his passion;
The tempest-beaten bark is not so tofs'd,
As is his reason when those winds arise. YOUNG.

I lie as open to the gusts of passion,
As the bare shore to every beating surge. DRYDEN.

THE BOARD OF WORKS.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which, if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices? At least, *desist*
To build at all? SHAKESP.

We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half-through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny. Ibid.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the painter
Was as another nature, dumb, out-went her,
Motion and breath left out. Ibid.

JUSTICE WRIGHT.

The man severe, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise. SPECTATOR.

MODERN WEDLOCK.

They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's fullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply.
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction :
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she t'other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause.
Nothing can part them but divorce,
And here the wife complies of course.

GAY.

SIR SAMPSON GIDEON.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

SHAKESP.

MR. COMMIS F——N.

Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the
son of the female, is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed,
but not of the father's substance.

Ibid.

THE BISHOP OF ———

His grace says that, which his flesh rebels against.

Ibid.

LORD

LORD P-MBR-KE.

Can you forgive the fallies of my passion!
 For I have been to blame; Oh! much to blame!
 Have said such words, nay done such actions too,
 Base as I am, that my aw'd conscious soul
 Sinks in my breast.

DRYDEN.

EARL OF A——

And in the course of one revolving moon
 Was statesman, chymist, fidler, and buffoon;
 Then all for gaming, horses, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

POPE.

ADMIRAL D——

Where have you been all this while?
 When every thing is ended, then you come.
 These tardy tricks of your's will, on my life,
 One time or other break some gallows' back.

SHAKESP.

THE EDITOR'S APOLOGY.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense;
 Nor fly informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of treason, or the law.

POPE.

THE END.